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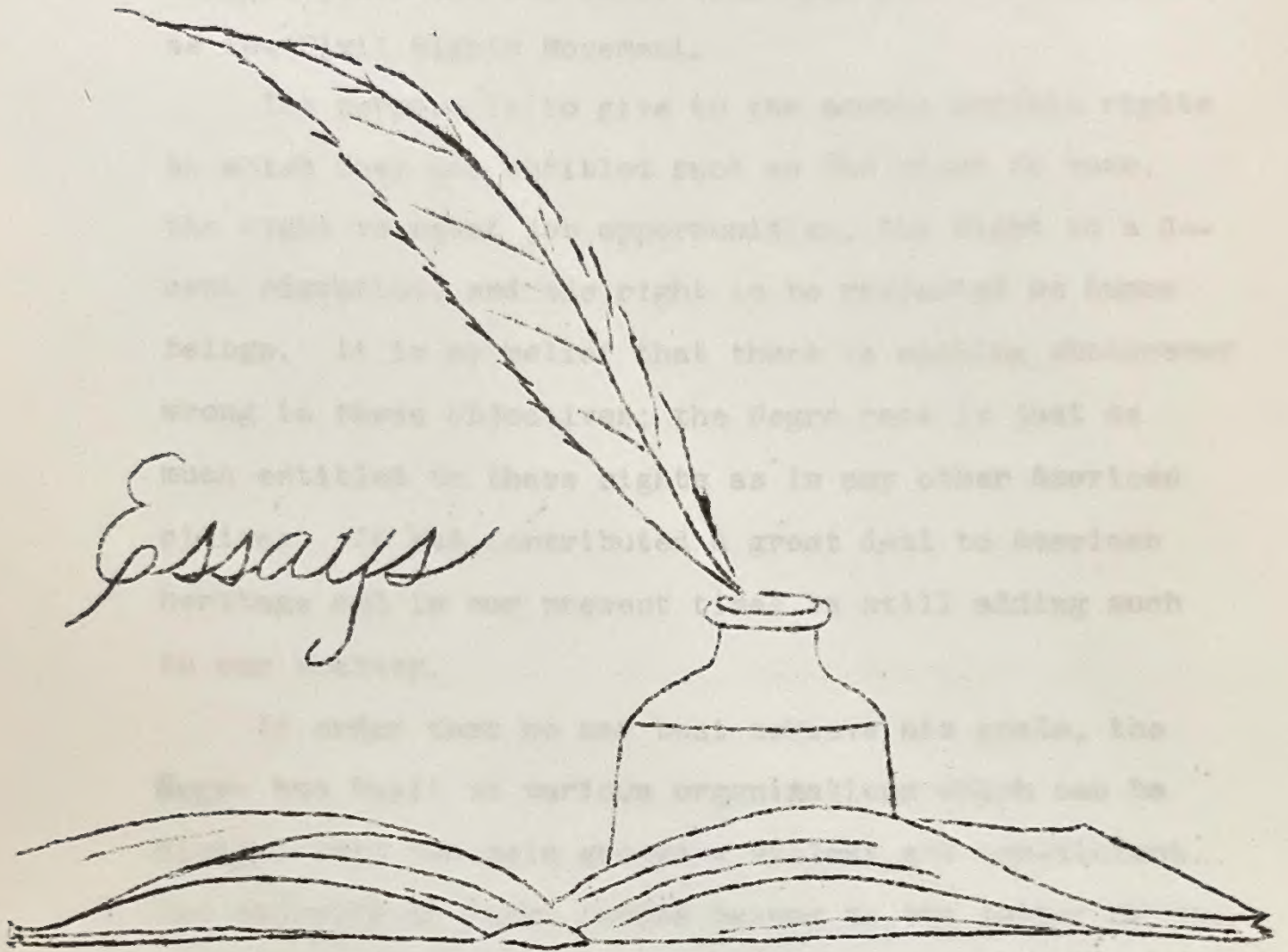
LITERARY

Review

1965

The following collection of essays, poems, book reviews, and vignettes represent the efforts of the students of Calvin Coolidge High School, Washington, D. C., to express their attitudes, ideas, and emotions during the school year 1964-65.

Essays



True ease in writing comes
from art not chance
As those move easiest
who have learned to dance
Pope

The Civil Rights Movement

The frustrations of the Negro in being considered second class citizens has accumulated over the past one hundred years and has burst wide open into what is known as The Civil Rights Movement.

Its purpose is to give to the people certain rights to which they are entitled such as the right to vote, the right to equal job opportunities, the right to a decent education, and the right to be respected as human beings. It is my belief that there is nothing whatsoever wrong in these objectives; the Negro race is just as much entitled to these rights as is any other American citizen. It has contributed a great deal to American heritage and in our present times is still adding much to our society.

In order that he may best achieve his goals, the Negro has built us various organizations which can be divided into two main groups - violent and non-violent. The majority of Negro people belong to the latter group, and well they should be as this is the group which has the best interests of the Negro in mind.

Representatives of this non-violent group includes the NAACP, CORE and the Student Non-Violent Committee. The reconized leader of these forces is the Reverend Martin Luther Kind who, in my opinion, is the perfect example of a person so dedicated to a cause that he is willing to forfeit personal liberty and to risk his life and those of his family for the cause.

More has probably been done for the Negro race by King than by any other man in this day and age. In pursuing his objectives the Reverend King has evidenced courage that few men can attest to. He has shown it in the way he makes personal appearances despite the many threats against him and his family. In due praise of his efforts I say that a better man could not have been picked to receive the Nobel Peace Prize than he.

Reverend King is a human being and is therefore not perfect. One of my harsh criticisms of him is the number of wasteful trips he takes. I am sure that in traveling back and fourth across the country he has wasted thousands of dollars which could be put to better use. It is up to Reverend King to put a stop to this by seeing to it that there are enough qualified men in each major city to enable him to concentrate his efforts in one place and as a result reduce his expenses. Other criticisms I have of certain Civil Rights organizations is that they stage a great number of needless demonstrations.

The movement in Civil Rights has also brought to the attention of the public those organizations which advocate hatred and violence; the Black Muslims and the Black Nationalists are examples of such groups. It should be known to everyone that these organizations exist only for the money which they can extract from the poor and the ignorant. They take advantage of the fact that in some Negro areas, such as in Harlem, there is much bitterness toward the white race; they preach hatred and violence in order to gain and keep

all the members they can. These members, once they join, are bled for all the money they have.

Because of the death of Malcom X, a feud is going on between the Black Muslims and their rivals, the Black Nationalists. I believe that the discord between them can be permitted to go somewhere alone and "shoot it out," a result of such action, the Negro race would rid itself of one of the greatest threats to its freedom that exists today.

Passage of the various Civil Rights Laws have been the achievement, not of the Black Muslims, but of those groups led by Reverend Martin Luther King. These groups--NAACP, CORE--have brought to the Negro people, laws permitting them to exercise their right to vote, right to a decent education, right to equal job opportunities and, above all, the right to be respected as a human being.

The fight for freedom has been going on for a hundred years and still has a long way to go before it is ended.

-----James Tyson, 328-4

THE ORIGIN OF MY FAMILY, THE PAINTERS

After the defeat of Braddock in the spring of 1756, the whole western frontier was left exposed to the attacks of the French and Indians. In 1758 a party of about fifty Indians and four Frenchmen traveled into the neighborhood of Mill Creek, Virginia, now in the county of Shenandoah, about nine miles south of Woodstock. This was a pretty thickly settled neighborhood at that time, and among the other houses, George Painter had built a large log one, with a good-sized cellar. When the alarm was given, the neighboring people took refuge in this house. Late in the afternoon, they were attacked. George Painter attempted to flee and was shot through the head with three bullets. Then all of the others surrendered. The Indians dragged the dead body back to the house, threw it in, sacked the house for what they wanted, and then set fire to it. While the house was in flames, consuming the body of their victim, they forced from the arms of their mothers four infants, hanged them in the trees, shot them in savage sport, and left them hanging there. Then they set fire to a stable in which a number of sheep and calves were enclosed, cruelly torturing the animals to death. After those savage attacks, the Indians moved off with forty-eight prisoners, among whom were George Painter's wife, five of his daughters, and one son.

Two of George Painter's sons and a young man by the name of Jacob Myers escaped being captured by hiding. One of the Painter's with Myers ran over that night to Powell's

Fort, a distance of at least fifteen miles, and to Keller's Fort in search of aid. They had neither hat, nor shoes, nor any other clothing than their shirts and trousers. A small party of men set out early the next morning, well-mounted and armed, to avenge the outrage. They reached the site of the Painter home early in the day; but when they learned the strength of the Indians they decided pursuit would be useless, so they went no further. Thus, this savage band got off with their prisoners and booty, without any pursuit or interruption.

After an absence of about three years, Mrs. Painter with her son and two daughters and some other prisoners returned home, but three of Mrs. Painter's daughters remained with the Indians. Mary, the youngest, was about nine years old when taken and was held a prisoner eighteen years. Two daughters never returned. A man named Michael Copple who had learned the Indian language found Mary with a wandering party of Cherokees. In conversing with her, he learned who she was and told her that he was acquainted with her family. He said he would take her home, but she refused his offer. Then he told her that her brothers were living at Point Pleasant, Virginia, and wanted to see her, so she agreed to go that far with him. Mary Painter and Michael Copple were later married and lived several years on George Painter's land and reared a family of children. They later moved west.

At the present time, at least one-half of the population of Page County, Virginia, consists of Painters or people

connected with the family. I am proud to be descendant of this same George Painter who had all of these terrifying experiences with the Indians in the days of the French and Indian wars.

-----Paulette Painter, 229-2

ESPALIER AND BONSAI

Contrary to public opinion, bonsai is not a little village outside of Tokyo, and espalier is not the name of a new sandwich shop on Georgia Avenue. Nor are they the name of a song and dance couple who do the tango and fox trot, or sing songs like "I'll See You in My Dreams."

As more and more people are beginning to know, a bonsai is a tree, or a shrub, or other woody plant that is trained to become a dwarf with picturesque shape. A small plant that has interesting form, or would have after some trimming and training, offers the best possibility of development. Irregular forms, picturesque outlines, and twisted-looking plants are the thing. They should look old; that is why stems are important. Japanese say the bonsai ought to look as if it has suffered, and actually it does. The dwarfing is brought about by a combination of root confinement and starvation without death. That is why bonsai is considered an art. Equipped with a bonsai, your house may become the showplace of the neighborhood. When visitors come over to show you their prize winning violets, you can always display your indoor forest of sequoias.

Another way to attract attention is to grow flat fruit trees in your garden. Yes, you can grow fruit trees which seem pressed, thanks to European horticultural

turists who tried to make the most out of limited space. These flat trees, or espaliers, have been used for centuries because of their beauty. An espalier is started from a dwarf rootstock with a small root system because standard rootstocks grow too fast. The dwarf rootstock limits the size of the tree that is grafted on it, slows its growth, and encourages early bearing of fruit. To espalier a tree, you must control the sap flow; for this reason espalier is considered an art.

To me, these are two of the most interesting hobbies anyone can obtain if he is interested in gardening. A person could really get a thrill when friends or relatives compliment him for the plants that he has grown.

After thinking for awhile, I found that bonsais, espaliers, and people have something in common. Bonsais and people who go on diets not recommended by their doctors are similar. Espaliers remind me of people who push their children into what they want them to be. The thing that is wrong with these is that they are not justified. The results from the espalier and bonsai are beautiful; the pushed children usually become successes; the people who were once huge do look better thinner than they once were. But all of this is seen from the outside--bonsai and ex-huge people with diets without recommendation do suffer, and espaliers and pushed children do not lead normal lives because it is not the way they were intended to be.

Brenda Snively, 328-4

THE LUXURIANT PALACE OF MO

Mother describes it simply as a "pig sty" that ought to be vacuumed, scoured, and ventilated immediately." But I suppose that's to be expected--mothers get like that, you know.

Just sneaking into Mo's "pig sty" after he has come home from a long day at the office is worth all the missed desserts that is the routine consequence for prying into a boarder's "private belongings." But it is simply inevitable. As you creep stealthily along the back hall, the odor of tiny molecules of after-shave lotion mixed with hair tonic draw you mysteriously to their source. The enthralling fragrance, however, is not nearly so enthralling as the "pig sty" palace to which it leads. As you sneak into the palace, a tie hanging from the door sill playfully smacks you in the face, perhaps as a warning that you shouldn't be here. There are ties everywhere--on the doorknob, slung lazily over the bedpost, on the venetian blind replacing the frayed cord. Of course, my father has ties too, but not red and yellow striped ones, pink and purple polka-dot ones, ones with Chinese ladies embroidered on them and ones with butterfly wings that remind you of the caterpillar that Mother discovered hidden under your bed yesterday.

Tie tacs too! Blue stones that make a funny-looking star of white straight lines and glassy white stones that

reflect rainbows on the ceiling if you hold them near the window (that's odd--you always thought God sent rainbows only after rainstorms. But you don't dare ask anyone; they'll be sure to get suspicious). Deep green stones, too--a little darker than lime jell-o but just as see-through. And pearls--even dirty black ones.

On one closet door hangs a Chinese picture that must have been painted by an old Chinese grandfather who had to wear magnifying glasses to see the thin pencil lines he drew. The crack in the door is just enough to reveal a shoe box in the closet. Instead of shoes, though, the glitter of rings sparkle through the crack. You quickly turn away from there--it's too much like a pirate's chest.

There is another closet in Mo's palace. It's the only boring place in the room. On that door a complicated-looking pamphlet is carefully tacked up. It says something about furlongs and ponies and numbers. You never quite understood why Mo would put up such a dull paper like that in his otherwise exciting palace.

Tobey Malickson, 328-4

USED "SAFETY NET" FOR SALE

"Mother is throwing out the safety net again!" This phrase stops Mother dead in her tracks. She laughs and throws up her hands in a gesture of surrender. It means that she has been caught up in her attempt to ward off an impending disaster.

Mother has always tried to spread this imaginary safety net around our whole family to protect us from all disappointments and failures. When I was younger, I accepted without question the detailed instructions that preceded all our actions.

For example, before I made a solo trip downtown, Mother checked to be sure that I had money. She gave implicit instructions in how to purchase tokens, how to drop them in the box, how to get a transfer, etc. Like a general entering battle, Mother precisely mapped campaign maneuvers in case I became lost. Incidentally, I was always told before each excursion that I must never forget that a policeman is always a friend to one in need. This rigamarole seemed a natural process. All the family received the same treatment before any endeavor.

As my sister and I grew older, we rebelled against this sheltering "safety net" and had a round table discussion with our mother. We really laid our cards on the table and provided Mother with concrete evidence of her conduct. At first, she feigned innocence. Then an amused

expression spread over her face; the picture of her martial-
ing our lives under the protective shadow of her net had
made an impression. We reminded her of the summer we had
to wear very expensive unsinkable English bathing suits
which gave us figures like English plum puddings and were
really unnecessary because the lake was very shallow and we
would not have drowned unless we had deliberately held our
heads under the few inches of water.

Then, confronted with our charges that it was humanly
impossible to protect us against failures, she admitted to
acting like an over-protective mother hen. Our protector
then proceeded to give us a lecture--as if we were the
guilty ones--on the benefits that can be derived from failures
and disappointments. "Failure is a great teacher, and the
lessons you learn from your failures can be of lasting
value, etc., etc." Now her resolution was to reform and
to become more Spartan than any of the Spartan mothers we
had read about in history. In a solemn ceremony, she sym-
bolically cut us free from her apron strings. The shears
trembled a little in her hands as she bravely made the
supreme gesture. Wistfully, we witnessed the passing of
this era.

Then Mother changed tactics. Now she felt herself
endowed with a clear insight into the future and its pos-
sibilities. The new method was to prepare us mentally for
the worst that could **happen**. This approach to life did
have some advantages. The worst never was as bad as anti-
cipated, a fact which gave a degree of serenity in meeting

all dreaded situations. Nothing could scare us. We had already experienced the worst in our minds. Naturally, our stay in the hospital to have our tonsils removed was proceeded by a rehearsal at home. We were told of the toys we would receive and the attention of the gentle nurses, but were warned that after the operation, the pleasantness would end. Then, we could expect to be sick and have very sore throats. We faced our ordeal bravely and were almost disappointed after the operation when we were not spectacularly sick. When we confronted Mother with evidence that this was just another version of the "safety net," she agreed. Repetition has now made us all more familiar with the ritual of the severing of the apron strings, but we cannot fail to notice that it is with reluctance that she has now returned to the Spartan mother's role.

This writing must be considered the first chapter of a serial, for we all feel sure that the "safety net" will return in another more sophisticated form one of these days.

Clare Crandall, 310-4

THE RALLY

Dawn was breaking over Washington as the Special train pulled out of Union Station at six-thirty in the morning. Aboard, more than one thousand sleepy "Young Citizens for Johnson," including myself, were headed for Atlantic City and a mammoth rally to be held the afternoon before the final session of the Democratic National Convention. There was a feeling of great excitement as the passengers anticipated the events that were to take place later in the day. Because of the early hour, however, the only outward expression of this feeling was the smile on most people's faces as they tried to fall back to sleep. In a few hours, all had awakened, and as we rounded the final bend, with Atlantic City coming into view, some of the group leaders led us in the singing of campaign songs to put us in the proper mood.

Upon our arrival, the very enthusiastic crowd poured out of the train and queued up to get box lunches. These had to be eaten hurriedly in the station's dingy waiting room. After lunch, we assembled in a square across the street from the station. There, we were to await the arrival of a similar group from New York City. Meanwhile, I inspected some television equipment that was located in the square.

To the sound of a brass band, the New York City

group arrived, and we marched toward the board walk through a street that had been cleared by Atlantic City Police. Suddenly, a car broke into the line of march, and to the amazement and delight of all, Bobby Kennedy climbed on to its roof. He proceeded to make a speech in which he said that young people should be active in community affairs while the girls in the crowd reacted in a way that is usually associated with an appearance of the "Beatles."

After his speech we continued on the boardwalk to Convention Hall, chanting campaign slogans as we went. A block from Convention Hall, we stopped to form lines for passage through police barricades that surrounded the Hall. Someone spotted a television camera that was pointed at us, so the group immediately began cheering and waving posters for the benefit of anybody who happened to be tuned in, though in all reality, our pictures probably never got beyond the control room. In a few moments we moved past the barricades, through the lobby which had been magnificently redone in marble, and into the Convention Hall itself. There, the excitement of the crowd reached its peak. I was surprised to find that this tremendous auditorium was filled to capacity, and only through luck did I find a seat.

The program was an excellent one, planned to appeal to a youthful audience. There were such favorites as

Peter, Paul, and Mary, Barbra Streisand and Vic Damone to entertain us; and speeches by young members of the Democratic Party, including a sister act by the Johnson girls, to work up our enthusiasm. However, the high point of the rally occurred when the Vice-Presidential nominee, Senator Hubert Humphrey, was introduced. The entire audience gave him a thunderous standing ovation which lasted for over ten minutes. The Senator then spoke to us, with applause greeting his every sentence. After the audience unanimously agreed to change the name of our organization from "Young Citizens for Johnson" to "Young Citizens for Johnson-Humphrey," the rally was over.

Our return train would not leave for one and one half hours, so I remained in my seat until almost everyone had left and then wandered through Convention Hall. I walked past radio and television booths, and then gazed at the Convention floor, twenty feet below, from which someone would say in just a few hours, "This is Sander Vanocur, reporting from the Convention floor." Moving over to the Presidential Box, which was guarded by a New Jersey State Trooper, I looked up at the huge photographs of recent Democratic leaders. I had a feeling of involvement not only with the events I had been watching on television, but also with American history and the American system of government. I then left

Convention Hall while balloons, which had been released during the demonstration for President Johnson after his nomination the night before, continued to float down from the roof.

-----Richard Levine, 232-2

A VISIT TO DAVEY JONES' LOCKER

On a hot summer day the green Atlantic is disturbed by the presence of an intruder. The fish run from the underwater stranger, and the ocean bottom is unusually still. The visitor is from the world above, a boy, an average fourteen-year-old to his parents, and teachers and friends but down here in Davey Jones' locker as fearsome as a shark.

This deadly intruder is me. I have become this menace innocently enough. I am on vacation in Ferndena, Florida, with my grandmother. We have just arrived, and I can't wait to get into the water.

I grab my mask and head for the ocean. The Atlantic is calm today, and off in the distance are little patches of white disappearing as quickly as they come. The sky is blue, and the sun is out in full force. It is a perfect day for skin diving. In the shallow water close to shore it's cloudy. In this invisible world the small land crab lives, waiting to nip at the toes of the swimmers; but, as I go farther out, the ocean clears to reveal a white sandy bottom. The rays of light from above mingle with the green sea, making it come alive. All along the bottom are shells with the rippled marks of the water carved into them.

I must come up now--my lungs are aching. As I break the surface in two fathoms of water, the sun hits

me like a pile driver. After regulating my breathing, I go down again, all the way to the bottom. The pressure on my ears is like two steel plates. I try to pop them and accustom myself to the pressure. Down here I am a superman, flying over the bottom, cart-wheeling, turning.

After forty-five seconds of weightlessness, I come to the surface. Each time I go down I am able to stay longer. This time something is wrong. My foot is caught! A piece of seaweed is wrapped around it. I must get it free--I have so little air left. I wrench it away and race for the sun and air. Ten long, deep breaths and I descend again. A few fish have returned, none of them large. They are about the size of goldfish, but of many different colors. As I approach them, they run away. On the sandy bottom small sea plants sway with the current. Farther out the deep water seems cold, dark, and dangerous. In that deep chamber live sharks, stingrays, and barracudas.

The underwater world is beautiful, dangerous, and exciting. Down here it is just nature and me. Even though water is a good conductor of sound, the sea around me is quiet and peaceful. Looking up at the surface, I feel as if I am imprisoned in a huge bowl of jello. I think that there is no other sport, with the exception of surfing, that is as exciting to me as skin diving.

BYE BYE, BABY

I was sitting in my room playing with my dolls, but I was bored. Sally, I've already played with you and June is sleeping, I thought to myself. I wonder what mischief I can get into now to amuse myself. Should I wake up my baby brother? No, that isn't exciting enough. How about smashing his bottle? No, that still is not good enough. I know, I'll advertise, one brother for sale.

I quickly got up and rushed to find my mother.

"Will you call the newspaper for me?"

She smiled and questioned, "Why?"

"Oh, you'll find out. Will you dial the phone for me?"

"I have to know why."

"Well," I said a little hesitantly, "I want to sell something."

"You wait until you're a big girl; then you can sell anything you want to."

"By the time I'm bigger, the thing I want to sell will be too old."

"Well, never mind. Go and play."

I was not discouraged, but became more determined. I immediately went over to the house of a friend who was much older than I to ask her to phone for me.

Fortunately she wasn't in the mood for asking

questions. She dialed for me, while I climbed on to the chair. When a pleasant voice answered, I asked in a most grown-up voice, "Hello. Do you sell little baby brothers?"

"I beg your pardon," came the answer.

I was silent for a moment and wondered why she wanted to "beg" me.

"Why do you want to beg me? Are you poor?"

"Yes, I mean no! Don't you get fresh with me!"
Then came a slam.

"Hello, hello. She's not there. I wonder why?"
I asked myself.

I went back to the house. My only hope was the newspaper boy, and by chance, he was to come that day.

Hours passed, and I finally heard the doorbell ring. I ran to answer as fast as I could, but in my hurry I fell over the wire of the lamp. Both the lamp and I came tumbling to the floor.

My mother hurried out and gasped, "Oh, no, not another lamp!"

Just then my brother started crying. Well, for once, he accomplished something worthwhile, as far as I was concerned.

In the meantime my grandmother had paid the newspaper boy, who had already left. I stood up, went to the window to see if he was still there, looked at the broken lamp, and bawled out loud. My mother came out

and comforted me. I guess she thought I was sorry about breaking the lamp. Little did she know I was crying because I could not sell my brother.

Shava Weinstein, 227-2

FESTIVAL OF FADS

Are you the type of person who is ruled by the crowd? Do you dress for the public eye? Do you choose only what seems acceptable to your peers? Well, if so, you are under the clutch of a fad.

This well-known three letter word seems to thrive on the "in crowd", the normal teenager of today. Or should I say that the "in crowd" seems to thrive on fads? Anyhow it seems that neither could survive without the existence of the other.

For example- does it seem logical to you that a normal sixteen year-old girl could possibly survive without her own telephone? Well, it doesn't to her either. Just because one girl gets a phone in her room, it seems absolutely necessary for all four hundred and twenty-eight of her friends to get one installed within one week's time. (I know from experience since I am one of these four hundred and twenty-eight friends.)

Another thing which can spread like an epidemic is the newly introduced fad of nose jobs. It happens that as soon as one girl has the cute, little, turned up, pug nose on the front of her face, it immediately becomes a necessity to all others.

However, most annoying to the parents is the appearance of long straggly hair covering most of the face of not only their daughters, but their sons as well.

While walking down the street one finds every teenager is a carbon copy of the next, dressed in their madras shirts, tight Levis, Wejuns, headbands, and triangle scarfs. This can prove quite frustrating when trying to locate someone in an overly-crowded place.

Nevertheless, fads do have their good points. How many times have you stoped to wonder what kind of gift is appropriate for the normal teenage girl? Well, this mass similarity among the female sex has put an end to this ever-present question. It seems that since every young lady, starting at the age of thirteen, has pierced ears, there is always an appropriate pair of earrings missing from her collection. No matter what shape, color, or size they seem to be always in fashion as long as they are pierced.

Another thing that remains a fad among the young is the habit of smoking. It's not that they enjoy smoking, but everybody does it and that makes it the thing to do.

I now think that I've produced enough evidence to prove that today's young society is being run by a mere one-syllable word. What can be done about it is left up to the few individualists left on the face of our earth.

Sharyn Miller, 204-4

"LIKE BROKEN PIECES OF A STAINED GLASS WINDOW"

The ideals that I have cherished are shattered before me, and they lay at my feet like broken pieces of a stained glass window--non-conformity, the acquisition of wisdom with age, dedication to a profession, and religion.

One might say that my problem is simply that I'm growing up and that I haven't formed my personality yet--this is very true, but I still find myself confused and bewildered.

During the process of studying other religions, which is one of my hobbies, I became interested in the Jewish faith. I searched and read anything I could find on Judaism. I was fascinated by the subject--so fascinated in fact that I even considered converting! I felt that the Jews have a better way of communicating with God than I did. Everything they do in worshipping has a meaning behind it, something that will remind them of what their forefathers went through. After reading the book Exodus by Leon Uris, I decided that I would do everything I could to help Israel. If I were not an American, I would have liked to be an Israeli. I admire those people; they have fought well for their country and need help. After careful consideration, however, I realized that I could not convert because I am a believer in Christ; I could never forsake Christ for any other religion.

Another incident, which tested my faith and made it stronger, was my encounter with a confirmed atheist. At first I argued on every point; then I began listening to him--some of the things he said made sense and, after a few months, I found myself agreeing with him! Suddenly, it occurred to me that I had to reassert myself and, after studying and writing about my own religion, I challenged him to more arguments and caused a stand-off. This was a confusion I conquered.

Once I was a non-conformist, and in a sense I'm still one. Every time I saw people acting without agreeing to what they were conforming to, I would literally turn red. When talking to my peers about this they would say, "We're wearing this because it's in." I would say, "Do you like the style?" "No," they would reply. "You're losing your freedom when you conform," I would tell them, but my argument would fall upon deaf ears. I decided to demonstrate. I promptly began wearing weird clothes and doing odd things such as keeping to myself all of the time. I was going to the extreme. I even used to argue with everyone about everything whether I agreed with them or not, just for the sake of exercising my freedom of speech and, to some extent, I still do. Finally, I decided I wasn't getting anywhere and I was depriving myself of a few things that I really enjoyed.

I would do only what pleased me I decided, and I would wear whatever I pleased--if it happened to correspond with someone else's taste--so what? My extreme "non-conformity campaign" was a failure but my "individuality campaign" was not.

"With age comes wisdom," I used to say and maybe it does, but I don't believe it anymore. Most of the adults I know are either narrow-minded, self-centered, bigoted, stupid, or utterly unaware of the world around them. I used to think that if a person was well educated, he was "complete"--with age, of course. But just the other night, on a newsreel, former President Truman, a man whom I had admired a great deal, called Dr. Martin Luther King a "trouble maker." A reporter asked Mr. Truman if he felt there were any good Nègro leaders; he replied, "Oh sure, there are some good nigger leaders" Another reporter reminded our ex-President that Dr. King had received the Nobel Peace Prize; the former Chief Executive retorted--"I didn't give it to 'im!" This man was once President of the United States!!

There seems to be very few people who are dedicated to their professions. I see such dedication only on T.V. or in the movies or read about it in books. Doctors in Canadian hospitals went on strike a year ago because the pay was too low and the hours were too long. Now the Italian doctors are complaining about the same thing.

As soon as the three o'clock bell rings, a few teachers can be seen racing out to their cars, after they told their students on the first day of school that they would always be in their rooms thirty minutes after school--but where are they? Sometimes they're even late in the mornings. This is dedication? They give their students homework but they always manage to "forget" to collect it or they give the exams back to the students to correct for them--it's good practice, especially if you want to go into ballet someday.

"Policemen are the defenders of the people." I wish someone would tell Sheriff Jim Clarke that. Imagine beating helpless, defenseless, peaceful marchers!

It's quite a world the adults have left for this generation to survive in. War, hatred, bigotry, and distrust characterize this era as they have all eras before us. I have already began picking up the little broken pieces of stained glass which represent my ideals and I'm fitting them together, always keeping them before me and never losing sight of what they look like. Reality is fine but one needs ideals in order to improve reality. What little I've seen of reality will never do to better this world; we need our ideals--our little pieces of stained glass window.

Toni Cook, 310-4

THE MYSTERY OF A SMILE

In the materialistic world in which we live, it is nevertheless true that the best things in life are free. They cannot be bottled up and sold for a price. I think one of the more gratifying things in life is a person's smile. A smile which comes with little effort on your part can last forever in the minds of others. To exemplify this, I wish to share a personal experience with you.

Since I am one of ten children, I know how much being loved, being secure, and being with others can mean to a child. At the age of fifteen, I was helping during the summer at a home for mentally and physically handicapped children. These children, ranging from two to nine years of age, were proof of the lack of love, of security, and of companionship which they could not receive in their homes. Each child had his own private world, therefore making it difficult for us to communicate with him. Because of the understanding and patience we gave them their expressions of thanks were eventually returned in the form of big, searching smiles. Their smiles meant so much more than any material thing we could have received.

I became very fond of all these youngsters, but I had favorites also. There was a young boy who was placed in the care of this home because he had been beaten by

his parents. He received these punishments because he was not allowed to cry for any reason. While staying at this home for handicapped children, he cried and whined most of the time. The psychiatrist said he was rebelling against the restriction which was placed on him by his parents. One of the things which the doctors accomplished was getting this boy to smile--a simple, everyday reaction for the average person. He was not, of course, completely cured of his fear. His physical marks healed fast, but his mental impressions lasted.

Although it has been several years since this experience took place, I still feel good when I think of their smiling faces of affection and of love. They were grateful and happy in a way we can't fully understand until we "step into their shoes" and lead a type of life they live. It is a true mystery how a smile can make you feel so wonderfully whole and worth while. It is a true mystery how a smile with so many different meanings can make so many different people respond in so many different ways. A smile is really a priceless possession. It is a piece of apparatus that can be used with little effort and benefit those around us. Before this instrument gets rusty, how about using it!

By Jane Brown, 323-4

His Gift

His newly-acquired ^{gift} fascinated him. It was his most valued possession, and he was confident that no thief in the world would be brazen enough even to make an attempt to take it from him. He had already made the decision that his gift must be shared with everyone with whom he came in contact. Nobody wanted a selfish boy as a friend. Besides, if he allowed Jimmy and Billy to benefit from his gift, perhaps they would stop giggling about him and referring to him as a "Dodo" and a "Dumb-bell."

That night, as he lay in bed, his thoughts no longer centered around such childish pastimes as bicycles, cow-boys, and trips to the moon. With his eyes closed, his new gift obliterated visions of everything else, and he soon lapsed into sleep, dreaming of his gift.

When he awoke, his eyes moved directly to his dresser. With a sudden jolt, he leaped out of bed and ran down the hall to the kitchen.

Panting frantically, he managed to blurt out between breaths. "My gift! My gift! It's gone. It was on my dresser and it's gone!"

"You mean that childish little book about animals? Boy, are you a dumb kid to get upset about a stupid ol' book." With a smirk on her face, his sister hastily flung the book in his direction.

His fears allayed, he grabbed his coveted treasure,

and fled out the door. "She's a girl," he comforted himself.

Treasure in hand, he anxiously ran over to his mother, eager to have her share in his joy.

"Bobbie, be a good boy and run along. I haven't got time to play with you now."

With a sluggish step, he trudged over to the trash can, reluctantly lifted the lid, and gently deposited his treasure inside.

He climbed up on his bicycle, and peddled down the street to his cowboys and trips to the moon. Streaks of tears were visible on his pudgy cheeks. He recalled his mother's telling him, "Big boys don't cry." But for some reason, he didn't believe her now.

Tobey Malickson, 328-4

I WAS A TEENAGE VAMPIRE

"Aw, here comes that vampire again! Now look, lady, don't be trying to get none of my blood today. I only got a few drops left and you don't want me to die, do you?"

With these encouraging words, the laboratory assistants with whom I worked were welcomed into the wards every morning as they went on their blood-letting missions. This blood which was so willingly donated was used to further the cause of medical research.

I would like to sympathize with those of you who have squeamish stomachs. Upon learning that I was assigned to a hematology lab, I became uncertain as to the outcome of the venture. I found my fears to be well-grounded when on my first day, as I opened the refrigerator to put in my lunch, what should stare me in the face? Flasks of blood-red tomato juice? No such luck. This was the real McCoy. My stomach refused to receive food for the remainder of the day.

But it's odd how quickly we learn to accept things. Within a few days, I actually became interested in the stuff. Surprised? So was I.

The doctor who ran "my" lab was in the midst of a detailed research project pertaining to blood storage. During my first week there, I felt as though I was caught in the middle of rush-hour traffic. Everyone around me

was busily mixing chemicals, looking into microscopes, or thumbing through difficult-looking books, while I was just allowed to "watch and get used to the lab."

That first week of watching seemed to last forever, and in my eagerness to work, I even welcomed the chance to perform the menial task of staining slides. I soon mastered that simple art, and began to yearn to move on to bigger and better things. Unfortunately, there was no other rookie around to do those trivial tasks which I considered myself too experienced to perform. How humiliating!

Finally, I was trusted with a few more difficult jobs. The boss let me perform one set of experiments entirely on my own, and when he wasn't around, the other technicians often "let" me take over some of the more routine parts of their experiments so that they could have more time to help the interns.

But there was one job, that of drawing blood, that I wanted to try more than anything else. I spent most of my spare time diligently stabbing a water-filled rubber tube with an old syringe, and soon became quite expert at drawing water. Then one day, I got to try the real thing. One of the technicians donated her best vein to my efforts. I was all eagerness until I saw arm and realised that it was flesh and not rubber. But pride is a funny thing. In order to save face I had to go on.

I nervously rubbed her arm with alcohol, and jerk-

ingly tied the tourniquet above her elbow. She calmly opened and closed her fist to increase the pressure in her vein. How could she be so cool at a time like this? I then got out a sterile syringe and tried to convince myself that that fat vein was nothing but a water-filled tube. Ha! Finally mustering up enough nerve, I forced myself to get done with the whole "bloody business" and, oddly enough, made a neat vein puncture. Slowly the syringe filled with blood. All went well until I removed the needle. In my haste to get finished, I forgot to untie the tourniquet, and helplessly watched the consequence; blood spurted over the floor, us, and the equipment. Oh well, I knew that I wasn't perfect before I had started. But other than that, my first solo was A-OK.

One morning near the end of the summer, the doctor permitted me to draw blood from one of the patients who had nice, co-operative veins. I proudly fixed up one of the blood-letting trays which were used exclusively for this purpose. After double-checking the supplies, I confidently left the lab to proceed on my mission.

But as I walked down the hall, previously unconsidered doubts came to my mind. What if the patients wouldn't take me seriously? After all, I was just a teenager inside of that impressive-looking lab coat. What if they laughed in my face, or thought that I was just playing a make-believe game?

As I hesitatingly walked into the ward, seriously

considering abandoning the whole idea, someone in one of the corner beds saw the dreaded tray and yelled out, "So you're just another one of them Vampires! I thought I could trust you!"

Suddenly I felt very happy.

Judith Fitzhugh 320-4

MY MOTHER'S MISCHIEF-MAKER

My mother has had her mischief-maker for thirteen years. The mischief-maker that I am referring to is my younger brother.

He has been into everything from the family's pets to the neighbor's building supplies. He has been doing devilish thing ever since I can remember. When he was about two, he decided that our television would look much better without knobs. Later on, during his years of infancy, he also disconnected our phone, took the parts out of our radio, and tore out the pages in the telephone directory. As he got older, his deeds of mischief became worse and were no longer referred to as mischief. Mother tried everything from taking away privileges to actually spanking him, but it did no good. Instead of his getting better, he got worse. When he was eight, he decided that he wanted to cook, but Mother said no. He asked her why and she explained about the cost of food and so forth, but he was determined to have his own way. Our mischief-maker decided to do his cooking when there was no one home. Upon returning home, Mother and I smelled a peculiar odor. Investigating further, we discovered that the mischief-maker had fried our pet goldfish to a crispy, crunchy, crisp. This deed was forgivable, but his next was not.

He painted a target on our garage door and used mother's eggs for darts.

Drastic measures were then taken, but they did no good. Mother's "mischief-maker" continued to get worse.

At the age of ten, he really went the limit. The people across the street from us were remodeling their home. They had paint and lumber and all the necessary materials needed for the makings of a lovely home, but Mother's Mischief-Maker had other plans. About the same time our neighbors were remodeling their home, their neighbors, the people next door to them, bought a shiny, black, new car. That's when our mischief-maker went to work. First, he broke all of the light lumber into heat, little, pieces, but this wasn't nearly enough. He then took the pretty, light-blue, paint from our neighbors and painted their neighbor's car with it. Not only did he paint the whole left of the car, but the window and tires, too.

My brother definitely had a problem. But what the problem was and how to solve it was beyond us. Through trial and error, and also much patience, we finally discovered that he was self-conscious about his weight. My brother is very fat, and the older he gets the heavier he gets. He told us that no one ever paid any attention to him unless he was doing something wrong. The bigger the misdeed, the more attention he got.

Since finding out his problem and correcting it, things are much better now. Brother now only gets into the usual boyish mischief, no more way-out pranks. Everyone is happy about the change that has come over Mother's Mischief-Maker, especially him.

He says he didn't really enjoy it anyway.

Jacqueline Beckwith, 328-4

A HAM'S GREATEST THRILL

I spent weeks practicing the International Morse Code until I achieved the lowly speed of eight words a minute, sending and receiving. More weeks were spent studying basic radio theory and regulations. My dream finally came true. The other day the postman delivered a plain, white envelope from the Federal Communications Commission containing one amateur radio license, call sign, W N 3 B S Y.

That night I went on the air for the first time. I carefully tuned my custom-built transmitter and double-checked everything. I switched the function switch to the cw position; relays clicked and the bright red "on the air" light came on and suddenly went out. My receiver cut off and I heard a scream. Someone had blown a fuse. My dear, sweet sister was ironing her clothes and making toast. She still doesn't understand why an electric toaster and an electric iron can't be on at the same time. Well, I cleared-up the situation. The fuse was replaced and I started my tune-up procedure once more.

I carefully tuned the transmitter, switched the function switch to the cw position, happily listened to the relays click and watched the red "on the air" lamp burn-out. I replaced this lamp and started the tune-up procedure for the last time. The relays clicked, the "on the air" lamp glowed brightly and I was ready. Goosebumps

traveled up and down my scrawny arm as I tapped my telegraph key. I slowly and nervously sent CQ (general call for communication). After sending CQ, I carefully tuned my transmitter for a reply. Nothing! Disappointed, I sent CQ again, signed my call letters and listened for a reply. Lady Luck was with me this time. W A 4 B D S in Miami, Florida, was replying to my call! I acknowledged his reply and told him my troubles, details of my station and the fact that this was my first QSO (contact). He told me that he was a senior in college, majoring in electronics and engaged to the most beautiful girl in the world. I congratulated him on his engagement and informed him that this would be my last transmission because my mother wanted me to go to the grocery store and buy a loaf of bread. I sent my 73's (best regards) and happily went to the store.

Paul A. Smith, 305-4

BEFORE AMERICA

In 1939 the Germans occupied Estonia. They took over the government and all of the factories and business establishments. My father was forced to turn over his factory to them. However, the Germans respected our rights as humans sufficiently to let us continue to live. Then they were driven out in 1944 by the Russians. The Communists took complete control of the government and everything else. They exiled many of the well-known citizens to Siberia. My father narrowly escaped, only because he wasn't home the night that they came to our house. Many who were not exiled to Siberia were butchered like animals. The fortunate ones like my family were able to flee Estonia to Germany. The journey over the Baltic Sea was very dangerous because the Russians were patrolling these waters. Many ships were sunk, and thousands of innocent people were killed. But my parents were lucky, they escaped to Germany.

But Germany was not much better. Bombing was everywhere, and starvation was staring everybody in the eye. The Germans put my parents in a camp where they stayed until the end of the war. In 1945 when the war ended, my parents were sent to the English Zone of divided Germany. There, the conditions were better but still very cruel.

It was in Hamburg, the badly demolished city, that

I was born on December 17, 1947, in a Catholic Hospital. Soon after my birth we were housed in a displaced persons' camp provided by the Americans, English, and Russians. Conditions were now beginning to get better. There was more food, clothing, and of course Care packages from the United States. I think my brother lived on Care packages because he liked the chocolate so much. We had our own schools, and the people were kept busy working around the camp.

May 1, 1949, is almost like Independence Day to me and my family. On that day, America passed the Displaced Persons' Act which stated that the United States would accept people whose countries had been occupied by Russians if they had a sponsor in America. We packed our few belongings and waited for the eventful day when we could leave all these awful experiences behind us. In May of that same year it happened. Our journey to America was very pleasant because we finally had enough to eat. On May 10, 1950, when we saw the Statue of Liberty, we knew in our hearts that the troubled past was behind, and before us stood freedom and limitless opportunity.

Priit Oinas, 228-2

KEN

There were times when my parents thought that my big brother and I would never be friends. Is it any wonder when they have frequently heard such outbursts from Kenny as "You always take Margaret's side!", or "Margaret, when are you going to grow up?"

In spite of such trying moments I have found that having an older brother does have many advantages. For one thing, I owe all of my knowledge of playing ~~tennis~~ and pool to Ken. Tennis is his favorite sport; and when he needs someone to practice with, it turns out to be his little sis. Although tennis is Kenny's first love, he enjoys billiards too, and often asks me to play with him. I think Ken likes to shoot pool with him just enough competition, but not so much that he loses.

Kenny's friends, boys that is, are always coming over to play pool or just to goof off. Having so many fellows around my house makes my girl friends envious of me. If Ken and I want to give a party, instead of having separate ones, we combine our ideas and guest lists into one big shindig. In return my brother's friends usually invite me to their parties.

Another reason I'm lucky is that Ken often cheers me up. He has been through the same stage that I'm in now, and I have often been able to profit by the advice

he gives.

The senior year in high school is an important and often strenuous one. Spending Saturdays taking college entrance examinations, and then waiting to hear whether you are accepted or not is all part of it. A reassuring word from someone close to you relieves much of the pressure.

Ken even plays the father role by scolding me whenever my room is a mess, or if I press the tube of tooth paste at the wrong end. However, I don't mind, because it shows that he does care.

I learn from his mistakes, and I respect his opinions about my habits and friends because he is older and wiser. What is so pleasing about Ken is that he takes time to share his experience and thoughts with me, his younger sister.

Even though we have frequent squabbles, often to the point where I'm in tears, I can honestly say that I couldn't get along without KEN!

-----Margaret Rich, 225-4

THE HISTORY OF A TWITCH

There is a conspiracy against me. Everywhere I go, I am reminded of my affliction.. Evil, unthinking people delight in tormenting me. Why? I twitch. This is no ordinary, run-of-the-mill twitch of the solar plexis. When I decided to take my semi-annual two-week vacation from work to do a little bit of research on my problem, I discovered that it is a genuine imported Rumanian twitch.

But, I am definitely not unique. The twitch has been handed down to every second generation of daughters on my father's maternal side of the family for seven generations.

Now, I know that you have heard that unforgettable line from one of Danny Kaye's songs, "There once was a witch with a terrible twitch..." But did you know that the song was a translation of an old Bessarabian love song? Actually, the song originated in Transylvania, a place which is not too far away. The translator had been drinking while working, and we all know that it is wrong to drink while working or to work while drinking. When he came to the word YLSIBOVILCHASOVAKI (which means "gypsy" in the Transylvanian dialect which developed from the Bessarabian language which was officially dropped after the country became a part of Rumania), he mistook it for YLSIBOVILCHASOVAIKI (which

means "witch") and translated accordingly.

The point is that my great-great-grandfather stole my great-great-grandmother away from the wandering gypsy tribe that had first written the song. She was beautiful with her long, flowing hair, and piercing green eyes; he had a dark, curling beard, and they truly loved each other.

The moment the wedding band was placed on her finger, she revealed that it had been her grandmother who had started the hereditary twitch, as a way of insuring that her name would never be forgotten. She was called "terrible" because it was a sin to be vain in those days, and her loving tribe could think of no other polite, tactful way to call her attention to her fault so that she could repent and reform. In fact, they used to sing about her. From this we get, "There once was a gypsy with a terrible twitch..." which you know in its mistranslated form.

As I sit here writing this down, I know that the vicious jibes of the uncouth will never affect me. I am proud of my inherited Bessarabian gypsy twit**hh**

Betsy Lewis, 225-4.
English 4-7
March 17, 1965

MARTIAN HOMELIFE AS SEEN
BY EARTH HOUSEWIFE

Soutsburg, Oklahoma, May 13 (AP)--On May 12, Mrs. Carol Hely of Soutsburg, Oklahoma, returned from her trip to Mars where she had spent two months.

The purpose of her trip had been to study the domestic life of the Martians. It had been the first of several steps in the "Plans For Better Relationships." Next month, a ~~lartian~~ Martiane housewife will be visiting the Earth for a two-month period observing the life of the Earth homemakers. It is hoped that through such ventures as the "Plans For Better Relationships," the Earth people and the Martians will become better acquainted and accustomed to the habits of each other.

Mrs. Hely is a thirty-five-year old housewife and the mother of two children. "Mrs. America" in 2010, this year she has the title of "Earth's Best Housewife." Interviewed in her home, where she is resting from her trip, she asked that she be quoted verbatim.

When I asked her what Martian life was really like, she replied with the following story, "Due to a storm in the Belt of Uncle, I had to take another course and arrived at Oolo Airport two hours late. I was taken to the home of Uf. and Ufes. Najadj and their four children, where I stayed during my visit.

"Their manner of living is very different from

ours. The kitchen is circular. There are no appliances; buttons service everything. To eliminate the problem of planning meals, Ufes. Najadj decides which type of meat she wants for the meal, pushes a button, and out comes a four-course dinner. Dishwashing is also eliminated. Dirty dishes are placed in a section of the floor that moves backward. They are automatically washed, dried, and put away.

"There is one machine in the laundry room. It is the wadrypres. All types of fabrics can be put in it and they are washed, dried, and ironed. Well, I was amazed and thought nothing could beat that until I saw the way the house was cleaned.

"The other rooms in appearance are very much like ours--shape, size, furniture--but that is where the similarity stops. Each room has a cleaning unit. When you push the button, all the furniture goes back into the wall and suction cups with long arms do the cleaning. When they are finished, they go back and the furniture comes out automatically.

"As for the customs of the Martian, the wife is the head of the household, but the husband takes care of financial matters. Girls marry boys at least five years older than they are, and it is only proper that there be at least two children in each household. If there is only one son in the family, he must court a girl one

and one half years before he marries her, and if there is more than one son, the oldest son must do this.

"The Martian families are very close and there is very little juvenile delinquency and crime.

"Despite these many comforts and luxuries, the Martians are very hard workers. The husband has a job to do and the wife, being the head of the house, must be able to repair all the appliances in the house. The children have chores similar to those our children on Earth must do. Everyone loves to work and regards work as a sign of maturity.

"I guess it can almost said that Mars is a Utopia."

Madlynn Anglin, 239-3

THE TEENAGE DRIVER

Each year our streets and highways take on an ever-increasing number of newcomers to the art of driving. These beginners are, among other things called, teenage drivers.

Although there may be, and probably are, many reasons for a teenager to want a license to drive, only two are of a greater importance than the others. The first is the social pressure to which the young boy or girl is constantly being exposed. It is the common belief in many teenage groups that the person with the car or license is someone to pattern one's self after. When a boy sees all of his friends driving, he often feels left out of the group and its activities. In some cases this is probably true, because when the fellows in the group start driving, they tend to associate themselves with others who drive also. The other important reason is the convenience that comes with the ownership of access to a car. The teenager feels that an automobile would save him time in going to and coming from school, in performing certain errands, in saving bus fares and taxi expenses. What most young drivers tend to overlook is the fact that, while they might save time and money in some cases, they actually bear the burden of more problems than they had without the car. Of these new expenses, insurance is

the most difficult to cope with. The cost of insurance, for a man under twenty-five years of age, is sometimes three times higher than that of an older man. According to statistics the teenager has another strike against him, irresponsibility. Experts have shown that a high percentage of young drivers are more careless and tend to have more accidents than those persons in an older age group.

After reading, analyzing and understanding this paper, I am still one of the teenage drivers. No matter how many figures are shown to the teenager, at no time would he be willing to give up his driving privilege unless the law took this privilege away from him. Certainly, statistics have shown that the younger drivers are more careless and tend to drive at dangerous speeds, but what they fail to reveal is the percentage of good, careful drivers among the teen-age groups. Many of my friends have cars but out of these only a small fraction have ever had even a minor accident, which shows how safe a teenage driver can be.

-----Richard Evans, 204-4

CONCERNING D. C. TRANSIT

The purpose of public transportation is to provide for the safe, adequate and prompt conveyance of the public; but sometimes I have doubts about that "safe", "adequate", and "prompt" transportation the D. C. Transit Company provides--or rather, is suppose to provide.

Just how "safe" this transportation system is, is very questionable. Sure, in all the buses I've ridden in (and that's been quite a few) I've come out all right--by that I mean alive and still in one piece--but that's not saying much! You just don't know what a poor spinning top goes through or what one of those delicious McDonald's milk shakes has to endure until you've ridden on one of those fabulous century-old D. C. Transit buses. Those "safety-safe" buses are sometimes driven by rejects from Aquasco Speedway and occasionally by an up-standing member of Creepers Incorporated of D. C. T.

Forget about adequacy and don't even mention promptness as far as D. C. Transit is concerned! Adequate huh--two-hundred fifty people are waiting at the stop and an eighteenth, no maybe nineteenth, century antique, with an accommodation of about fifty, comes rattling along. If a bus is due at a certain stop at 12:22, you can consider yourself fortunate if it gets there at 12:52, for that's being prompt my friend! Don't let it

get there at 12:22--you'd better get to the nearest phone fast and call for St. E's because that bus driver would really be "off". What does he mean by getting there on time? That's ridiculous! Doesn't he know that's not a policy of D. C. Transit? D. C. T. doesn't know what it is to get enough buses to the bus stop in time to get people where they're supposed to go when they're supposed to be there.

And what is there to be said about those bus drivers--those "friendly", "courteous", "alert" drivers of whom D. C. T. is so proud. "Friendly" are they--well let me tell you, some of them are the meanest "friendly" people I've ever seen. Not only are they mean and discourteous, but some of them are just downright stupid! You would think that anyone working in a place would know something about it, but not some D. C. Transit drivers! They're really bright if they know that D. C. means District of Columbia. Some of them are likely to think it means "Direct Connection" or some such nonsense. Don't ever ask one of those drivers for directions! If he knows anything at all and can give you any kind of directions, he'll probably send you twenty miles out of your way.

Of course, D. C. Transit isn't as bad as all that. I just get a big kick out of knocking it sometimes. Those "century-old antiques" aren't really that old and there are quite a few nice buses. There are some Speedy Joes and Creepy Sams, but most of the drivers are careful

ones and there are some friendly, happy-go-lucky ones too.

All in all, D. C. Transit is okay. It can really be hilarious, though, to watch some D. C. Transit passengers--their expressions alone tell me that I'm not too far wrong in my opinion of D. C. T.

Yuletta A. McDonald, 204-4



Poetry

Ye stars, ye are the
poetry of heaven—

Byron

SPRING THAW...

forest of mist
surrounded by four walls
moving in and out,
closer and farther away.
there sunlight
filters down
at
odd
angles,
patch- work
patterns
among the
trees.
pleasant sounds,
welcoming sounds
erupt from within the depths
cascading into great torrents of thunder.
icicles gleam—
their dripping made sinister
by night's shadowy form.
silhouettes disappear...
rambling bushes, huge
grotesque trees,
stunted grasses, delicate ferns,
moss-covered stones,
and wizened logs merge
into one mass;
darkness.
with evening winds,
snowflakes—
twinkling down,
slowly
blurring
the image.

Betsy Lewis, 225-4

IMPRESSIONS

Death does endure.
A place has been left empty
Never to be filled.

Sonia McKinney, 239-3

The clean white snowflake
Gingerly floats to its fate:
To die with the drifts.

Rodney Ellis, 208-3

In the spring, the trees sing
A song of joy. In the breeze
The birds join in to make a chorus.

Clarnece Black, 216-3

Spring is in the air,
Young lovers are in the park--
I must stay home.

Judie Hamrick

Music came from a tree nearby.
Who is it?
We see a bird fly away.

Gerald Middleton, 324-2

The ice melts,
The birds sigh,
Surely it must be spring.

Nelson McIntyre

The flakes sparkle,
Roofs gleam with snow.
Why do children smile?

Jackie Schwartzman, 211-3

See the newlyweds--
They will be quarreling soon.
Mother stopped by.

Scott Fontaine, 216-3

The leaves fall sadly
As the wind blows them away--
A crying time.

Alice Smith, 113-3

The leaves wither.
My hair was black,
But now it is gray.

Connie Eiland, 304-3

When the sun shines
A flower rises to meet the day.
It decorates the world.

Charles Harwood, 208-3

April is here
And the cherries are blooming.
Why are the roofs still white?

Reynold Bonhomme, 208-3

Three roads in a wooded glen--

None leads home.

Your choice...to roam.

Michael Lightfoot, 113-3

To look at tomorrow

Is the best choice.

Yesterday has no future.

Michael Lightfoot, 113-3

VIKING DREAM

Red Eric of the Black Fiord
Plied the crossbow, pike, and sword,
Laughed in the teeth of the stormgod's roar,
Fought with the straining oaken oar.
A golden wealth of truck and gear
Lay captive of his bow and spear.
And many a Saxon, Gaul, and Celt
In homage before Red Eric knelt.
He looted Vinland's fruitful coast--
Made the crossing his greatest boast.
And he loved his ship with her carven bow,
And he loved the giants that made her go.
And oft in the place that sunset brings
Eric pondered the greatest of things.
His beard grew white and his face grew lined;
The colorful years strung far behind.
Once more he northward made his way
To the feasting halls and the minstrel lay.
Right stout sons to the sea he sent,
And old Red Eric died content.
They laid him in his seaworn craft
With his spear and bow and his feather shaft.
They plied the torch in the long ship's breast,
And launched him, flaming, toward the west.
And with a good breeze in his lee
Red Eric sailed an unknown sea. . .

LOVE LIFE OF A TEENAGE GIRL

The love life of a teenage girl
Keeps her in a constant whirl.
Last month she loved a guy named Harry
She said that they would one day marry.

And then about two weeks ago
She was in love with a boy named Joe.
To her he was the perfect guy
No other one could catch her eye.

Along came Bob with his smooth talk
And "perfect" Joe took a long long walk.
How long will Bob stay no one knows,
But that's the way the story goes.

Jacquelyn Adams, 320-4

BITTERSWEET

You came
With golden forsythia in your arms,
In the rain,
And deliciously hurt my lips,
And I cherished you
Till you left--
With a light laugh--
Leaving the golden forsythia
For me!

-----Celia Daniels, 324-2

THE WINGED VICTORY

Once, in the days of Corinth and of Tyre,
I glided, wings outspread in keen desire,
Eyes deep with dreaming, garments blowing free,
Over a restless sea.

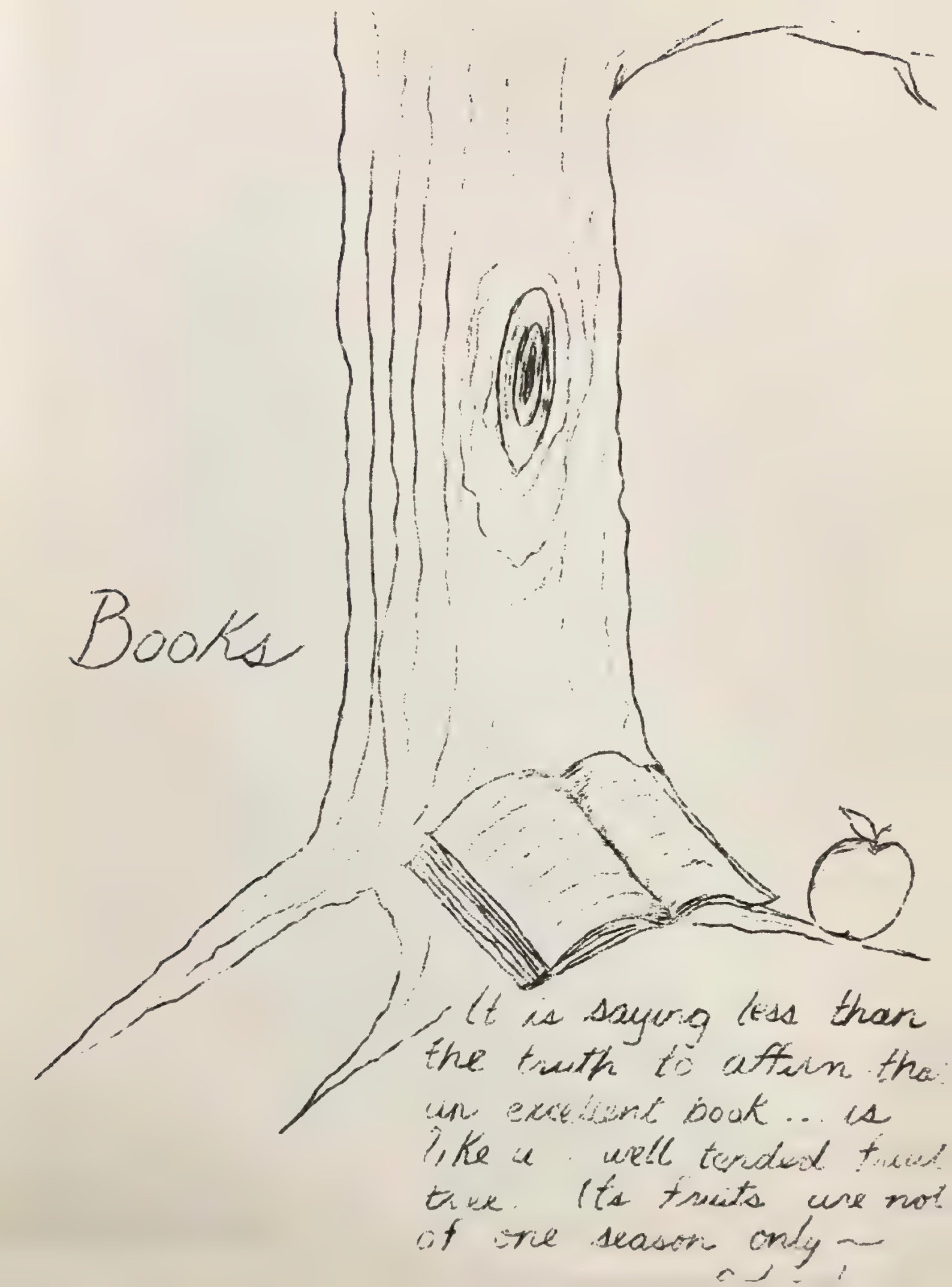
Now is that age long dead; but still I hope to spring,
Poised in the air on fluid, outstretched wing,
Meeting the future with serenity
For what is time to me?

-----Celia Daniels, 324-2

WHY ARE YOU CRYING?

Old man! Why are you crying?
You have no right to cry,
Just because you're old.
How I envy you, old man.
For you have successfully
Reached old age.
All the years of pain
And sufferings you went
Through, wondering if you would
Ever reach this age is over, old man,
While I have yet to begin.
You will not die, old man.
You will just close your
Eyes and peacefully sleep.
So, old man, stop crying
About your age.
Thank God that you
Have reached it.
You are very lucky, old man.

Clayton Anderson, 204-4

A black and white line drawing of a tree trunk. The trunk is thick and has a hollow in the center. At the base of the trunk, an open book lies flat. To the right of the book, a single apple sits on the ground. The word "Books" is written in a cursive font to the left of the tree trunk.

Books

It is saying less than
the truth to affirm that
an excellent book ... is
like a well tended fruit
tree. Its fruits are not
of one season only —

Huck and Huckleberry: A Comparison of Them

Although the times and the settings are very far apart, Huck in Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain and Holden in Catcher in the Rye by J. D. Salinger have very much in common. Both are fugitives from society. Both use language that clearly defines their non-conformity.

Huck's battle with society marks his highest point of moral development. For example, his decision not to turn Jim in arises from the foundations of his own feelings which he thinks are sinful, since they have so often put him at odds with society. His moral standards always seem to him to run against the current, a conflict which makes him actually believe that evil is, in his words, "being brung up to it." In the crucial moral point of this book Huck must "decide, forever, between two things, and I knowed it. I studied for a minute, sort of hold-ing my breath and says to myself, 'All right then, I'll go to hell'." This attitude of Huck's gives him an out-let from his duty to society, since he believes in the rightness of his own choice.

Holden is "depressed" by the thought that he is some kind of a misfit, that he does strange things, and that he is fighting a constant war with life; but his awareness of his own weaknesses (his lying, for example) is the result of his search for realism, and not the "phony" world about him that he has to cope with. Like

Huck, who has to retreat regularly to the river to re-establish his contacts with his sources of value, Holden finds escape in perfectly "natural" people and things which delight him, such as the kettle drummer.

Experiencewise, Huck flees society. On the river he meets murderous thieves, a treacherous fog, Negro hunters, and a steamboat that rips through the raft, throwing him among feuding country gentility. He lives with the professional crooks who thrive on "greenhorns" and "flatheads." He sees a harmless drunk shot dead and a Southern Colonel almost lynched, observes some theater obscenities and, at a personal risk, saves the inheritance of three innocent girls. Experience teaches Huck that the truth is weak most of the time, that trouble is best avoided, though still there nevertheless. But in his greatest struggle--over Jim--he acts quickly and defiantly for goodness. He eventually comes to the Phelps plantation where Jim finds freedom and where Huck will take leave of "civilization" by going west. Adventurewise, I say Huck has the edge on Holden.

Holden, very troubled, escapes eventually from the stupid unnaturalness and violence of his prep school life. Like Huck, he enters a dark and menacing jungle world, New York, where he knows his way around but still feels like a stranger. There, for two hectic days and nights, he steers his course through impairing adventures with

fearsome "dopes, fakers, morons, prostitutes, and sluggers."

Holden's "Jim" is all little children whom he would save from the adult world. Like Huck, Holden is involved in conflicts. His sexual urges are somehow entangled by the "mean guys" he hates. They confuse his sense of the fine and the good. Although he is not so self-sufficient as Huck, he is realistic and loves beauty and peace. After a secret visit home, he plans to live a hermit's life out west but has his mind changed by his love for his little sister Phoebe. Physically weakened and emotionally wounded, he is at last seen recuperating in a sanitarium.

The Mississippi River in the nineteenth century, the Hudson in the twentieth--in spite of the contrasts the comparisons are amazing.

Albert Powell
218-3

CLARENCE DARROW FOR THE DEFENSE

Once in a while a book comes along that leaves its reader limp for a half hour, overwhelmed for a few days, and inspired for the rest of his life--a book that lights a flame whose glowing radiance never completely fades. Clarence Darrow for the Defense by Irving Stone is such a book.

I am tempted to reconstruct, in detail, the account of this wonderful life. I am tempted to jumble page upon page with unqualified adoration; I shall try, however, to keep my enthusiasm in check and to be, at least in part, objective.

The author reconstructs a towering figure of justice, stretching six feet into the sky; ambling into a courtroom, his wrinkled suit hanging from massive shoulders. He paints a portrait of a silver-tongued orator lashing out against inhumanity and violence, a militant crusader fighting with weapons of truth, mercy, and love against overwhelming odds, yet somehow managing to throw some sand into the gears of tyranny. His battlefield was the American courtroom, 1857-1938. Here his dedication propelled him through questions of labor-management, socialism, anarchy, capitalism, war and peace, prejudice, fundamentalism, and evolution. These subjects are as dissimilar, diverse, and distinctive as the country that bore them, yet they all have one

common denominator--freedom and dignity for all men.

The biography is extremely well documented--Mr. Stone cites more than eight hundred references. Still, I occasionally became skeptical about the author's objectivity, Darrow was drawn up in gargantuan proportions and seemed almost unbelievable. It seems to me, as I look back over the book, that this image can be defended simply because it is not just an image, simply because Clarence Darrow, the heretic, subversive, anarchist, had few, if any, enemies, among those who knew him personally. Even those who found themselves on the opposite side of the philosophical and political spectrum were forced to respect a man as genuinely human and as capable as this farm-boy from Illinois.

It is written in the Book of Matthew: "Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

If these two statements are indeed true, I would wager that he is up there right now chuckling at this contrived eulogy. If they are false,...well...I would be willing to bet that he found a way up anyhow.

One remark that he made seems to reveal much of the sincerity, honesty, and integrity that marked his life. He was present at a gathering where a series of speakers were engaged in giving testimonial to the "great Clarence Darrow." In the midst of their discourse Mr. Darrow stood up and casually announced--

"I'm the one all this talk's been about, I always thought I was a hell of a fellow, and now I'm sure of it."

-----David Adams, 109-2

The Grapes of Wrath by John Steinbeck tells the story of the Joads, a poor tenant farming family. Victims of automation and modern farming methods, they are forced off their land and set out for California. This is the story of their numerous hardships and rare joys as they travel through unfamiliar territory and strive to exist in a hostile world.

All but one of the main characters are members of the Joad family. The outsider is Casy, an ex-preacher. He is traveling to California "to help people." He dies trying to aid the poor migrant workers. Pa, who is the head of the Joad family, is a kind and civil man. He works to keep the family fed and content. Ma is the backbone of the family. She is compassionate and strong. When conditions seemed too bad to continue, her strength pulls them together and gives them courage to go on. Tom, the oldest son, after serving several years of his prison term, comes home only to find that he must break parole in order to stay with his family. He also works hard, but his quick temper gets him into trouble more than once. I feel that all the characters are true-to-life and very believable.

There are several climaxes in the story. The first occurs on the day that the Joads' farm is cleared by a tractor. They had sworn that they would not get off

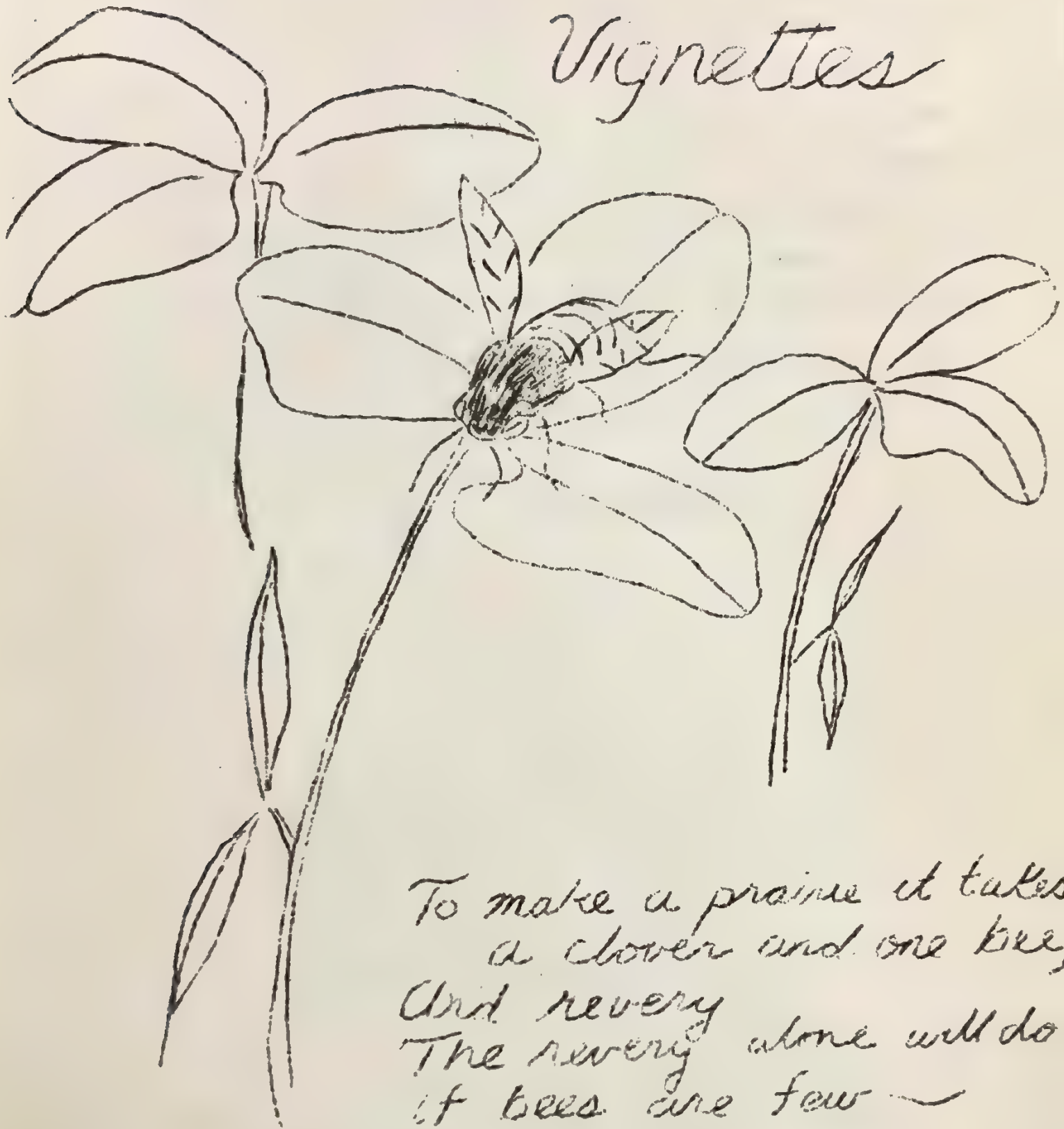
without a fight. The second occurs at the government camp on the night of the dance. Tension mounts as it grows dark and visitors begin to arrive. They wonder if they can spot the trouble-makers before violence breaks out. The third occurs on the night that Tom kills again. Would he be caught and given the "justice" that most Okies received?

The conflict, for the most part, is that of man against man. The migrant workers or "Okies" as they were called, struggle to survive despite police harassment and meager wages set by the big associations. Toward the end, the conflict becomes that of man against Nature. Because of the changing seasons they will be out of work for several months. Then a flood forces them to leave their "home" and car to seek a safer abode.

By using the idiom of the people, the author tells the story in a very informal way. It is very easy to read and to understand. The author uses a special device in this novel. Every few chapters he sets aside a specific chapter to tell about an incident or explain something in detail. A few of these are flashbacks, but the majority of these chapters keep time with the action of the story.

The narrative is written from the omniscient point of view. This device gives the reader a greater realization of the author's all-knowing power.

Vignettes



To make a prairie it takes
a clover and one bee,
And revery
The revery alone will do
if bees are few —

Dickinson

A WALK AT NIGHT

The fields near my home town are silent and beautiful at night. I like to walk by the roadside and just look at the great expanse of earth. As far as I can see are calm, sedate fields of rich, black soil or gently waving grasses. Occasionally a fence breaks the monotony of the fields; but as I walk on, the fences pass away. And when the moon comes up, illuminating the softly swaying grasses and the black sod, I love to watch its soft glow spread over everything. Nothing can match the calmness of the fields.

-----David Moore

IN HIDING

It's dark down here. Dark and stuffy-almost suffocating. I'm afraid to make a sound. Afraid he might hear me. Listen! Someone's walking around up there. Oh, Lord!

Why am I here? Why am I going through with this? To be free. Free for what? Free to keep hiding?! Free to be looked down upon or stared at by white faces?! But at least I would be free. Free not to work for them-work my life away. Free to have my own family and home and know we won't be separated.

Oh no! The footsteps are directly above me! I can't be found! What will they do to me? Where do they take people like me? Back "home"?

At least I don't have a family to worry about-a wife and kids to support. That's one little comfort for me! But what else? Nothing. Everything is against me.

A light---Oh God--No!

"Come on nigger--you're free no more!"

JoAnna Priest, 207-4

Marine Scene, Florida

The cream-colored boats with their billowy white sails anchored off the coast of Florida seem to be at rest on the calm blue-green sea. Underneath the glassy blue water the ocean grasses move with a soft feather-y motion as if they were strips of silk chiffon blowing in the wind. Between them darting in and out, little tropical fish play like a group of small children. Not too far off of the port side of the boats is a little island of white sand. In the middle of the island is a group of alive and emerald green palm trees shooting their way up from the island towards the soft azure-colored sky. The calm setting makes a very restful picture of purity and quiet.

Jean Hilda Bennett, 217-2

A Hospital Corridor

The hospital corridor was filled to overflowing. People passed each other--walking, lying on stretchers, sitting in wheelchairs, and struggling along on crutches. Pale, tired faces reflected the blue-gray color of the halls. A clean, sterile odor was blown from the halls into the patient's rooms by big fans. Nurses and doctors in their spotless white uniforms spoke in whispers while a small boy at the other end of the hall cried out as iodine was put on his cut knee. People had died and had been born in this hall, but business went on as usual.

Peggy Sgro, 313-2

A SNAKE STALKING A MOUSE

The tall golden wheat gently sways with the passing of the midday breeze. The copper-colored rattlesnake carefully takes advantage of this moment, and with a dilatory movement slithers closer toward its objective, a small but agile field mouse. The mouse, who had been preoccupied gnawing grains of wheat, suddenly becomes inert. Sensing something amiss, he listens very alertly pondering in which direction to run. Suddenly, the snake springs forward as though it were a beartrap that had just been stepped upon. In a feverish moment of terror, the little animal squirms and kicks particles of dirt into the air, but it is too late. The huge rattler opens its hinged mouth and swallows its victim. Very satisfied with what he had caught, he curls up to bask in the warmth of the midday sun.

Harrison Parker, 222-3

THE PAINTING OF AN IRISH CASTLE

The painting is vivid with the fresh color of spring. A still pool of water looks like blue-green ink tinged with lime-yellow. It reflects the scenery about it. The aged white bridge, ivy twinning on the railing, is shadowed by soft blue-green of waving trees. The grass is like a cloth woven of gold and lime-green shot with oddly-shaped yellow-orange flowers. The brown path is stained by gray shadows of hovering trees. People dressed as peasants are riding in a donkey drawn cart. On the other side of this path is a gray stone wall embraced by clinging vines. There are many shades of green shrubbery on a green-yellow hill. As the trees ascend, they get a lighter green mixed with more yellow-orange. The trees brush against an ancient Irish castle. Nestling next to it is a vine-covered wall. There are a few windows on the wall, visible to me. The top of the castle looks as if a giant has bitten it off and green foliage has grown in to make a new roof. In the background is a captivating cloud-swept sky. The sun gives everything a mellow glow. Into this sea-like sky the clouds overflow. Some of them near the mountain look like billows of smoke. All of these details blend together to make a fascinating painting.

BROWN

Brown is my favorite color. The leaves after autumn, the dark rich soil just dug up, the inviting smell of chocolate candy. Steaming hot chocolate on a cold winter day, a marshmallow floating in it for decoration as well as taste. A brown paper bag carrying home food for someone's supper. The brownish color of hair falling over shoulders, silky and straight or cut close for a look of maturity. Muddy water, the home of some frog or tadpole. A brown hand reaching up for a firm hold. Brown dirt closing in on someone who has expired.

Brown is dark and dreary, sweet, inviting, good, helpful, beautiful, dignified, protective, possessive. But brown is most important to me because it's the color of his eyes.

Giovanna Vennall 211-3

6 10 11 12 13

Green is the Color of my True Love's Hair

The giant, ugly, smelly, evil, slushy, pulpy, horrible, monstrous cockroach munched, chewed, rolled his eyes at, chomped on, and slobbered all over the poor, white-haired, gentle, senile professor, and THEN (OH, CAN YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM TAKE IT?) turned toward the beautiful girl in the torn dress, and leered.

This is science fiction's public image--monsters--certainly not the best tentacle forward. (But at least it separates the residents of St. Elizabeth's from those who haven't been caught yet.)

I read science fiction, a form of literature rated hardly above the comic book, as revolt against my English teachers (who feel I should read something worthwhile to improve my degenerate mind). In the beginning of my reading career, after a stimulating year of oh-look-Sally-is-in-the-puddle, I turned to fairy tales for relief. This was fine, 'till the third grade. Then I discovered myths and legends; they lasted all of four months.

Having read every book on myths the library offered, I asked the librarian for a book of stories "that aren't true." She made the greivous error of handing me Space Cat. I was now electrically linked to the ghostly galaxy, the shining stardust, the world of time, telepathy, and hypnotism, and no one was going to pull out the plug

and break the connection.

What's that? There's a new science fiction collection at Central? Three guesses where I'm going. This is agent X493 signing off:

Roger, Wilco, and out.

Deborah Yaver, 304-3

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIMES
(With a nod toward Jame Thurber)

THE SURPRISE

Once there were three bears who took a walk downtown. While they were gone, an unexpected visitor showed up. She ate up all the food, broke the furniture, and messed up the beds. The three bears came home and saw the house in a disrupted order and then they went upstairs and Junior said, "Granny!" Mama said, "Mother!" And Papa fainted.

Moral: You never know when your mother-in-law will pop up.

Aaron Moten, 323-4

THE LION

Once upon a time there was a lonely traveler. Mile after mile he had walked through the forest to get away from the evil king to whom he owed taxes. Just about the time this man was about to fall down with exhaustion, he heard a lion moan. Looking around to find out what the danger was, he spied a large, ferocious-looking lion lying helplessly on the ground with a thorn in his paw.

After careful meditation, he decided to help the lion, for which he was heartily thanked. They then parted with the lion saying that if could ever help the traveler, he would.

Well, to make a long story short, the traveler was finally caught by the king and was sentenced to die in a lion's den. It just so happened that it was the same lion. The traveler was very relieved because he thought that the lion would think of how he helped him. He approached the lion saying, "Hi, remember me?" The lion said, "Yes," and immediately ate him.

Moral: Never trust a lion, 'cause he might be lyin'.

Philip Talley, 328-4

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill

Went up the hill

To fetch a pail of water.

The well broke down

And there was no water to be found,

So they visited the soda jerk and had a seven-up.

Moral: We all "freshen up" with a taste different from the old ones.

Irving Hunt, 204-4

AN OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe because she was a heel.

Moral: You should live close to your soul.

Walter Maybaum, 319-4

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once upon a time there were three little pigs who were always in danger of being eaten by a big bad wolf. So together they constructed a sturdy brick structure which could not be blown down by the strong-winded wolf.

One morning the wolf sneaked up on the little pigs and tried to catch them. Without hesitation they all took refuge in their home. The wolf threatened to huff and puff and blow the house down. The three little pigs did not heed his warning. So the wolf huffed as he lugged a box of dynamite to the scene, and he puffed as he planted it, and then he blew the house down and ate all three pigs, pre-roasted.

Moral: You live and learn.

Keith Lewis, 204-4

TWO FABLES

Once upon a hot summer day, a goat came upon a well. In this well there happened to be a fox. When the fox saw the goat, he started to say how fine the water was. He couldn't get out so he tried to trick the goat to jumping in. Unfortunately for the fox, the goat landed on him and broke all his legs.

Moral: All is well that ends well.

Ronald Shabat, 313-2

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